

Industrial Worker

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25¢



W.N.
LAW
MAY

EDITORIAL

LET'S MAKE EVERY DAY MAY DAY!

With the passing of the Ides of March and showers of April it is once again the First of May. Long a day of festivity from the antiquity of Man's history when the arrival of bright Sunshine was a positive fact, it is now revered among many of us as a special day of hope, a day that is set aside for the dedication of making a better World in the near future and of remembering those who had given their all for that dedication in the past.

It is the day that old Sam Gompers, early head piecard of the AF of L, proposed to an international labor conference in Paris over 80 years ago a World Labor Holiday for the purpose of agitating for a universal eight-hour day. For the information of those who cry that May Day is a communist observance, let it be pointed out that that was over a quarter of a century before the establishment of the Soviet Union. Let it also be pointed out that in most countries of the World today (with the exception of the United States) the First of May is still the recognized labor day. A day that honors no saints, no generals, kings, or politicians, but a day set aside to those who are the World's producers.

Today, here in the World's most "liberated" country, the eight-hour day is taken pretty much for granted, and most radicals go to work on May First, doing their celebrating on an afternoon or evening of the preceding weekend. Some of the "ex-radicals" may think they have everything now and look upon the observance as a day of sentimental reminiscing, a day to talk about their days in the Movement, and they probably will not talk too loud at that.

But there is no such thing as an "ex-radical" or a "tired radical". There is only one kind of radical, and no hyphenation on him or her. Your editor, who has the honor of being in touch with Wobblies and other proponents of World-saving ranging in chronological calculations from 18 to 80 can testify to that.

No, there is no need to dwell too long on the martyrs of the past. They would not like it anyway. They gave themselves for a good cause, for the fighting they did then is that much less fighting we have to do now. The martyrs that we must concern ourselves with are the martyrs of today, those who are not being martyred for a good cause. The young men dying at each other's hands in Viet Nam, Laos, and Cambodia, the babies starving in Africa and other parts of the world including our own United States, the political prisoners wasting away in jails financed by our withholding taxes propping up rotten regimes in the hemisphere below the Rio Bravo, and not least important of all the lowly plankton in the Sea.

These are the martyrs that perish needlessly at the hands of a malfunctioning economic order that owes its existence to none other than the consent of us working people who continue

to produce for it. It is we who make guns, cannon, and bombs, and it is we who blow out each other's lives with those very infernal implements. It is we who build the prisons where the members of our own class are forced to languish, and it is we who build those even larger and more evil prisons, the human beehives where our own class is denied the surroundings of nature, the slums that are preparatory schools for the official prisons. It is we who man the mismanaged technology that turns our natural waterways into fetid cesspools and the atmosphere we breathe into slow poison. It is we who are creating a Hell on Earth, not only for ourselves but for generations to come.

It is we and only we who can change this state of affairs. It is we and only we who can make of this World, the World that is supposed to be, a World of peace and plenty for all of humankind. Not only humankind, but all other forms of life that share this planet with us.

We must stop thinking in terms of limited national and political interests under the guise of looking out for today's bread and butter. Today's bread and butter has the taint of the profit system and the blood of our fellow human beings permeated through it, and it will continue to stunt our growth and the growth of those who come after us.

There is nothing wrong in looking out for our bread and butter, for we are the only ones who are capable of looking out for it. Because we want our bread and butter, those who own the bakery and the creamery cause us to keep them in clover, keeping the best leaven and cream for themselves. It's because we want our bread and butter that we should take steps to take over the creameries and the bakeries and everything in the World for our own use, so we may produce without murdering our ecology and live without working our tails off.

The eight-hour day no longer takes care of our needs if we are to take into consideration all those of our fellow humans who have no opportunity to place their labor on the market. A four-hour day would only alleviate our problems for the time being. There is no need for our labor power to be on any market at all if we respect this World as a place to be lived in and not to be ruthlessly exploited as we ourselves are being exploited.

There are those who try to tell us that bread and butter does not mix with ideology. We in the IWW say they are all wet. Bread, butter, and ideology belong in the same shopping bag. The present condition of our World today makes imperative that we think in terms of one World, one humanity, and one life.

If we are to commemorate the gallant fighters of the past and pay respect to their memories, it is incumbent upon us to rededicate our efforts and resolve to work for a better World.

The time is short! LET'S MAKE EVERY DAY A MAY DAY!

—CAC



BERKELEY: The Branch Secretary is Robert Rush, 1723 10th Street.

BUFFALO: Write to IWW Delegate Henry Pfaff, 77 Eckhart Street, Buffalo, New York 14207 or through Peace and Freedom, 507 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14222 (716-884-0426).

CHICAGO: Chicago Branch general membership meetings are now being held on the first Friday of the month at 2440 North Lincoln (LI 9-5045). Lionel Bottari is the Branch Secretary.

DENVER: Write to Delegate Gary Cox, 7126 Inca Way, Denver, Colorado 80221. Drop around and help organize a mile-high branch.

DULUTH: Write to IWW Stationary Delegate Patrick J. McMillen, Post Office Box 559. (55801), or phone Pat (727-3154) after 7 p.m. for an appointment.

HOUSTON: Robert (Blackie) Vaughan is Acting Secretary of the Houston I. U. 510 Branch. All communications intended for the Branch should be addressed to him at 7505 Navigation Boulevard (77011).

ITHACA: Stationary Delegate Bill Siebert can be reached at the Glad Day Press, 308 Stewart Avenue (phone 607-273-0535 or 273-1899).

LAWRENCE: The Stationary Delegate is John Wisniller, 1301 Louisiana, Lawrence, Kansas 66044. Telephone: 842-5701.

LOS ANGELES: Phone Dorice McDaniels (OR 7-8397), Van Nuys area: Srafpint Co-op, E.W.I.U. #620, 14133 Gilmore Street, Van Nuys, California 91901. Phone: (781-7589) or (782-6185) Dan Family, Job Delegate.

NEW HAVEN: Contact IWW Delegate Bob Cook, 18 Court Street, New Haven, Connecticut 06511.

NEW YORK: For delegate service and information, phone Bill Goring (749-6465).

PHILADELPHIA: Write to Jarama Jahn, Post Office Box 17161 (19105), or phone SA 4-4895.

PHOENIX: Ruth Sheridan is the Stationary Delegate for the IWW. Post Office Box 13065, Phoenix, Arizona 85002.

SAN FRANCISCO: Michael Mack, 1010 Powhattan Street, San Francisco, California 94110 (584-4507).

SANTA ROSA: Write to Eugene Nelson, Post Office Box 7037, Santa Rosa, California 95401.

SEATTLE: The Seattle Branch is moving out of the Jones Building October 26, and until a new hall is opened inquiry to reach IWW delegates can be made at the IW bookstore opposite the university.

VANCOUVER: IWW Stationary Delegate: J. B. McAndrew, 1896 I Avenue, Basement. Education Workers IU 620: 607 Queens Avenue, New Westminster, British Columbia (L. Gambone, Secretary) (continued on Page 3)



INDUSTRIAL WORKER

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It should be understood by members and others who read this paper that it is the policy of the I.W.W. to designate as OFFICIAL any articles or policies which have the regular official sanction. Anything not so designated is not official. All other matter herein contained is the mere personal expression of the individuals or individual writing or editing the same.

New Location For General Headquarters

THE GENERAL HEADQUARTERS OF INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD HAS RECENTLY MOVED INTO LARGER OFFICE SPACE WITHIN THE SAME AREA AS THE OLD HEADQUARTERS. ALL DELEGATES AND CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE MAKE NOTE OF THE NEW ADDRESS:

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD
2440 NORTH LINCOLN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60614

Attention, Field Correspondents!

Friday, May 15 shall be the deadline for the June issue of the Industrial Worker. All copy intended for that issue must be received by that date.—Editor

Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

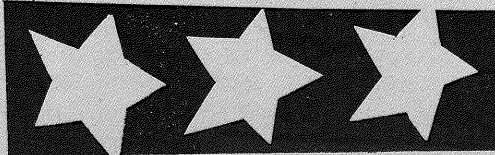
Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



Reader's Soapbox



WELL-SPOKEN AT SPOKANE

Fellow Worker Editor,

I saw the following written on the wall of the men's room at our local Veterans Hospital. I wish I knew whether or not a Vietnam veteran composed it. It speaks for itself:

Killing for peace
Is like
Screwing for chastity.

Anyway it is certainly in the "public domain" and available to be quoted.

Once when in New York City I saw a man begging on the street. He carried a sign around his neck that read: "I'm too old to work, and I'm too young to die." This is quite a statement on conditions in this land of plenty.

Yours for a better world,
Gordon L. Herman

RUN BY WORKERS, NOT BY STATE

Fellow Worker Editor:

Some very kind and true words about the IWW occur in the Nation for April 13. Richard Walton, who teaches international relations at the New School for Social Research, reviews Radosh's "American Labor and US Foreign Policy" (Random

House, ten bucks), and from this big book quotes the following words of wisdom:

"Since the days of the revolutionary IWW, there has been no independent union movement controlled by its own rank-and-file and not tied to the machinery of the state. Only with such a movement, however, will workers be able to mold a democratic movement that will develop leaders who move beyond limited aims that fail to challenge the hegemony of the corporations. When such a new movement is fashioned, American workers will begin a long overdue assessment of the assumptions behind the adoption of a backward and reactionary foreign policy."

Andrew Wiener

(Overdue is right. We've sent both the prof who wrote the book and the prof who wrote the review a copy of the new IWW pamphlet "World Labor Needs A Union".)

WORKERS AND STUDENTS OR WORKERS VERSUS STUDENTS

Fellow Worker Editor:

In a recent exchange of letters in the Worker, the question has been raised: "What is (or should be) the position of the 'freaks' who are joining the OBU?"

"Jerry", in his letter to the January IW, says that many of them are joining, not as workers, but as "revolutionary libertarians". He makes the point that many of these are different in "attitude, dress, and language" from the mass of workers.

He is answered in the March IW by X325919, who seems to fear that "Jerry" and the revolutionary libertarians are attempting to establish a "vanguard" within the IWW. While I take second place to no one in my adherence to anarchist principles, I have to come squarely on the side of

FW X325919. As a Wobbly who joined as a student but while working, one who wears a beard and long hair, I would like to discuss the position of "long-haired" students in the IWW.

First of all, we have to get away from the idea that there is a "student class". As Cohn-Bendit says in outlining "...A Left-Wing Alternative", students have class interests not as students, but as members of the class they will enter upon graduation. Thus a medical student's interest, for example, would lie in the upper middle class, but the bulk of students who will become minor cogs in industrialized society have interests identical with those of the working class of which they will actually be a part.

Thus it is essential that the "revolutionary libertarian long-hair pot-smoking" freaks and students realize their essential identity with the working class and work for revolutionary unionism as members of that class.

However the question arises: What can they do as revolutionary unionists, since many of them are unemployed or working at part-time jobs?

First and foremost, never forget that they are advocates of revolutionary unionism. If a strike takes place, don't scab, even though scab wages may be more money than they have seen in a year. Support all strikes, even when called by the labor fakers of AFL-CIO, but especially if they are spontaneous worker-based strikes such as the recent postal workers strike or any "wildcat" strike, for that matter. Support all boycotts of relevant businesses by way of co-operation with the strike committees whenever possible. If students are employed part-time, try to organize them on the job. Out of EWIU 620 will come tomorrow's revolutionary IWWs.

In their relationship to the university, never lose an opportunity to point out its complicity with the evils of the capitalist system. Get involved in university organizations; as Cohn-Bendit says: "Inject

politics....into the Youth Clubs, Youth Hostels, YMCA, and Saturday night dances." Try in relevant circumstances to organize university centered support of workers. Also work to organize teaching assistants and assistant instructors to press their just demands for higher wages, et cetera.

In conclusion, students and freaks who are revolutionary libertarians can and should be revolutionary unionists as well. So wear that Union button proudly and get in there and fight to build "the new society with the shell of the old".

— "Kansas"

YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT!

Fellow Worker Editor,

You've been doing an excellent job really reporting stuff direct from the gut. Keep it coming. How about some more articles on worker economics. I can think of at least a half-dozen capitalist economic myths that could be destroyed by some worker organizations, and these ideas need to be written up.

If you are interested in copyrights and royalties and stuff I want to let you know that I have been using some comments from the Industrial Worker in a rag sheet that I was asked to edit by the Philadelphia Local of the Socialist Party.

Send me four copies of "The IWW in Theory and Practice". I can't say I'm a convinced anarcho-syndicalist yet, but as a humanist I am opposed to state capitalism flying under the banners of socialism or communism as I am to plain corporate capitalism under the bloody red, white, and blue.

Regards,

Dick Williams

(Editor's note: Feel free to reprint anything that appears here in the Industrial Worker, and this invitation stands for all. The only concession we ask is that credit be given to the author of the item and to the Industrial Worker. The more our word gets spread, the better we like it.)

A NO-NO LIST FOR WOBBLIES & OTHER GOOD UNIONISTS

White Furniture Co.
(United Furniture Workers of America)

Gypsum Wallboard
American Gypsum Co.
(United Cement Lime and Gypsum Workers International)

Jamestown Sterling Corp.
(United Furniture Workers)

Pioneer Flour Mill
(United Brewery, Flour, Cereal, Soft Drink and Distillery Workers Local 110, San Antonio, Texas)

Comet Rice Mills Co. products
(International Union of United Brewery, Flour, Cereal, Soft Drink and Distillery Workers)

Atlantic Products
Sports Goods
(Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America)

Stitzel-Weller Distilleries
"Old Fitzgerald," "Old Elk"
"Cabin Still," W. L. Weller
Bourbon whiskeys
(Distillery Workers)

Kingsport Press
"World Book," "Childcraft"
(Printing Pressmen)
(Typographers, Bookbinders)
(Machinists, Stereotypers)

"HIS" brand men's clothes
Kaynee Boysewear, Judy Bond
blouses, Hanes Knitwear, Randa
Ties, Boss Gloves
Richman Bros. and Sewell Suits,
Wing Shirts
(Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America)

Boren Clay Products Co.
(United Brick and Clay Workers)

Genesco Shoe Mfg. Co.
Work Shoes
Sentry, Cedar Chest,
Stadler
Men's Shoes
Jarman, Johnson &
Murphy, Crestworth,
(Boot and Shoe Workers' Union)



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WATERLOO: IWW Student Teacher Branch at University of Waterloo, Ontario, Canada: Cyril Levitt, Secretary, c/o Federation of Students.

YAKIMA: Write to Stationary Delegate, Post Office Box 2205, Yakima, Washington 98902.

YELLOW SPRINGS: Contact IWW Stationary Delegate Scott McNeil, 101 Tower Court, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45887.

OVERSEAS BRANCHES

AUSTRALIA: Bert Armstrong, 20 Barton Street, Concord, New South Wales.

GREAT BRITAIN:

LONDON: Colin Beadle, 49 Lausanne Road, Horney, London N. 8.

HARTEPOOL (NORTHEAST ENGLAND): Brian Carter, 1 Ormesby Road, Seaton Estate, Hartepool, County Durham.

SWEDEN: David Sund, Harpundsavgen 44, 124 - 40 Bandhagen.

LABOR
PRODUCES
ALL WEALTH

ORGANIZATION
EDUCATION
EMANCIPATION

ALL WEALTH
MUST GO
TO LABOR

Industrial Worker

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

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LEFT SIDE

The AFL-CIO United Farm Workers urge that California farm corporations be stopped from using 200,000,000 pounds of pesticides on farm crops each year. Eliseo Medina charges that such pesticides have killed over 200 California farm workers.

UAW asks government to impose tax penalty to make auto companies develop a low pollution engine, and includes this in demands on employers.

Capitalist Dredge Sucks At Northern California Ecology & Is Slowed By Mass Action

by Pito Perez

Santa Rosa, California (WNS) — Everyone knows the name of the dredge: capitalism. It has been sucking up humanity since our nation was founded, but now it is sucking up so much that large masses of people are beginning

to realize what is going on and are fighting back.

The rich plutes of Northern California Aggregates and an incestuous related corporation want to dredge five miles up from the mouth of the Russian River at Jenner and build an obnoxious tick-tacky housing development for rich hogs

on nearby scenic hills. Five hundred aroused people who don't want to see the area ruined jammed into the County Board of Supervisors chambers to protest in the biggest and longest session in Sonoma County's history.

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MORE BOOKS ON JOE HILL



JOE HILL, by Gibbs M. Smith, 208 pages plus 80 pages of notes, bibliography, and appendices, illustrated, University of Utah Press, \$7.00

SYDNEY'S BURNING, by Ian Turner, a history of World War I trials of IWW in Australia, paperback, 264 pages, Alpha Books, Sydney, Australia, 1969

BREAD AND ROSES TOO: Studies of the Wobblies, by Joseph R. Conlon, 165 pages including index, et cetera, Greenwood Publishing Company, Westport, Connecticut, \$8.50

At last here is a thorough study of Joe Hill, the Swede who came as a lad to America to work as a longshoreman and to write 16 or so songs, mostly amusing parodies, for the Wobbly songbook—songs that so hit home with American workers that when Hill was framed for murder, executed, and brought to Chicago, his funeral packed the streets and led an amazed reporter to ask: "What kind of man is this whose death is celebrated with songs of revolt, and who has at his bier more mourners than any prince or potentate?"

For years Gibbs Smith, a young instructor at Santa Barbara, has been probing into court records and the researches of Ture Nerman and other Swedish fellow workers who identified Hill with the lad Joel Hagglund who came here playing his fiddle on the Saxon in October 1902. Smith has nosed into the old missions of San Pedro and studied police records and files of daily papers; the correspondence of W. A. F. Ekengren, Swedish Minister to the United States; and old Wobbly papers. He asked the IWW for any help it might give in getting at the facts of Joe Hill's life, and fortunately we were able to get him in touch with Bill Chance, the old janitor at 1001 West Madison who shackled up with Hill in Pedro, and Dick Brazier, also active in those days on the songbook as well as in such battles as the Spokane free speech fight (both still living), and also with Louis Moreau, who was with Joe during the British Columbia railroad construction strike of 1912

that led him to write that song "Where the Fraser River Flows" for his fellow workers to sing. (Moreau died last summer.)

Smith has examined the data and checked the few ascertainable facts against hearsay, boasting, and legend; and out of his scrupulous sifting emerges, free from fiction and conjecture, an incomplete but reliable and believable answer to that reporter's question: "What kind of man was this...?"

The book sets out with an introduction by Joyce Kornbluh (of deserved fame for her "Rebel Voices") to give any readers who may be as yet unacquainted with the IWW the necessary background. It has four dozen or so photographs, most of them indeed rare, and gives several important IWW documents in full. Archie Green, outstanding authority on labor songs, adds a checklist of Joe Hill songs, giving details to identify the early edition of the songbooks.

One appendix gives all songs written by Hill or attributed to Hill. One of the few faults I can find is that this section should make plain that there is serious doubt whether Joe Hill wrote the songs that appear in only one Seattle edition credited to "J. H. of the IWW" or the "Coffee An'" song so signed in that book but appearing anonymously in a previous edition. Only the chorus sounds like Joe's work.

No, it doesn't make the mistake which E. Anderson questioned in the January IW regarding the new Swedish edition of Joe's songs, in which

some lines ("We broke the yoke of a pitiless class....") got attributed to Hill because these words for the "Anvil Chorus" got adjacent to Joe's "Rebel's Toast". And why should any item signed J. Hill or any reference to J. Hill in early IWW papers be assumed as necessarily referring to Joe Hill the song man? It was not an unusual name.

Smith makes a detailed examination of the existing trial records and fills in missing records from current accounts. He comes to the conclusion that Hill was convicted not so much because of the hostility toward the IWW that he documents, as because of the difficulty any hobo might face in the adversary system of trial: a tremendous array of facilities to build a case against the hobo whether he is guilty or not, and almost no facilities to enable him to fight the accusation.

The point rings true, but can it account for the labored reasoning of the Utah Supreme Court in finding Hill guilty of shooting the grocer Morrison on the grounds that he had an unexplained gunshot wound and it just might be that the grocer had shot his assailant even though no bullet from the grocer's gun could be found in the store; and Hill had been shot completely through with holes low in his jacket and high in his body as though his hands had been straight up at the time, but with no holes in his overcoat, and at a time and place so that he could show up at Dr. McHugh's 4.9 miles from the Morrison grocery about two hours afterward with a wound so fresh that his shirt but not his trousers were bloody?

The University of Utah fired Virginia Snow Stephen, art instructor, rather obviously for her work in defense of Joe Hill. One more indication that the world does move ahead is the fact that this book comes from the University of Utah Press, to be commended in this age of prohibitive book prices for issuing this handsome big book (11 x 7 1/2) for seven dollars.

In 1914 the IWW local in Sydney, Australia operated out of an old gospel hall, set back a ways from the street at 330 Castlereagh. Across from it was an empty store from which, during the great controversy over conscription, police agents later said they watched strange doings by the Wobblies. In the hall was a printing press, largely the gift of Jack Hamilton, a miner who had fared well, and starting in 1914 they ran off their paper "Direct Action" each fortnight, and also a reprint of Walker C. Smith's pamphlet Sabotage. In February 1914 the local acquired a gifted speaker, writer, and organizer when Tom Barker fled from New Zealand to escape prosecution on sedition for his activities as an IWW organizer in the big strike of 1912-1913. (Aged 77 as the 1969 revision of the book was in preparation, Barker was still a Labor councillor in the borough of St. Pancras near London, and "was the only Lord Mayor to refuse to wear the mayoral robes and on one occasion

scandalised the Labor Party by flying the red flag over the St. Pancras Town Hall.")

In August 1914, as the election campaigns were on in Australia, World War I erupted. The Australian Labor Party rode to victory on the promise to support the old country "to the last man and the last shilling". The IWW did not join in this patriotic fervor. The August 10 issue of Direct Action ran a streamer: "Pay No Rents. No Debts. Give the Employer a Chance to Show HIS Patriotism." A bit later the same paper ran a front-page cartoon of an Australian soldier crucified and a fat capitalist catching a goblet of his blood. Underneath it appeared the news item: "The Commonwealth Government is floating a further ten million pounds sterling for the War Chest.... The prospectus calls upon investors to 'show a patriotic spirit... especially as no sacrifice is entailed... the rate of interest being far higher than in normal times.'" For publishing this cartoon Tom Barker was given 12 months at hard labor.

The Wobs urged their Australian fellow workers to win Barker's release by making it unprofitable for the capitalists to keep him in jail. When a rail strike occurred the Government issued this appeal: "At the back of this strike lurk the IWW and the exponents of direct action.... Who is for Australia and the Allies?" There were some fires—no more than usual, and none of them showing signs of having been set; but the Government with some police spies and a few ex-Wobs over whom it held a counterfeit charge accused the IWW of setting these fires to obtain Barker's release and convicted twelve. This book is a very detailed study of the case and of the subsequent hearings into frame-up charges and the campaign for their release.

Turner's book makes the arson charges incredible. It does show the atmosphere that accounts for the outcome, both in the rhetoric of some of the defendants and in the furor that accompanied the effort of the Government (unsuccessful) to foist conscription on the people. The book incidentally clarifies some of the ambiguity Renshaw's "The Wobblies" leaves about that alleged plot to overthrow capitalism by printing a lot of five-pound notes, but it would be clearer for some of the data Renshaw gives on IWW influence. Renshaw indicates about 2,000 members in Australia in 1914—an influence in the labor movement that almost resulted in the trade union congress in 1908 adopting the IWW preamble and structure—and the Government blamed the Wobblies for the defeat of its conscription proposal (with 1,160,033 votes to 1,087,557 on referendum).

This book combines the readability of a whodunit with substantial exploration of how those in power depict those they fear as wicked, convict them on cooked-up evidence, and cover up their own skulduggery with righteous postures. No price appears on the volume, but Al Just, our secretary, has written for a few, and figures with postage

and all about two bucks should cover a copy.

For those who relish arguments about the IWW, this collection of essays is the book. Professor Conlon has evidently explored a mountain of books and documents, and concluded that the IWW was a rational response to its industrial situation, and not the bugaboo that myth and journalists have made it. He nobly acquits us of any tendency toward violent action or language. He concludes as Wobs long ago did, that "industrial unionist" was a much less puzzling way to describe ourselves than was "syndicalist". He confirms that we attended to practical union needs while keeping aloft our far-flung aims, without the one proving a disadvantage to the other. He even proves that the Socialist Party would have elected more mayors and aldermen if it had boosted the IWW instead of ridiculing it. And then he comes to the strange conclusion that "it would have been better if they (the Wobs) had left the scene with the bang that characterized their short career".

Historians used to bury us. Lately they have been writing books attesting how urgently the IWW had been needed and wondering why we won't get buried. We have no intention of ever accommodating their document-prone preference for a date with which to put the final touch to what has perhaps become wearisome by the time they write the last chapter.

We set out in 1905 to build class-wide solidarity, a determination to have more and more to say about the work we do and the conditions under which we do it, and a collective understanding that we must eventually have everything to say about it. We have not as yet succeeded, partly because we have at times goofed a bit, but chiefly because what we set out to do was very difficult to do. But difficult or not, it has ceased being urgent and has become imperative for human survival.

(continued on Page 5)

LEARN ABOUT THE I.W.W.

The IWW: Its First Fifty Years
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Song Book (new edition).. \$.40

One Big Union..... \$.35

*The IWW in Theory and
Practice*..... \$.25

General Strike..... \$.20

Unemployment and Machine
..... \$.10

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INDUSTRIAL WORKERS
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AND THE WOBBLIES

(continued from Page 4)

The book is heavily documented. It even quotes Ebert's Theory and Practice (1937 edition) from an Italian translation that seems never to have been mentioned in the IWW press. It cites how Foster voted at Budapest in 1911 even though he wasn't seated, and some of those who recall Elmer Smith's long struggle for the Centralia victims will be surprised to learn, with documentation, that Smith quit doing all this in 1922 et cetera. Or that Carl Keller in the lean years before the current revival wished these young folks coming into IWW wouldn't bother us. History is strange the way it happens, but much stranger the way such a book as this describes it. And yet somehow, for the early years of the IWW, this distillation of the documents actually does approximate what Wobs active in those years themselves concluded. Perhaps there were more documents. His current appraisal, based on a short visit at a most unfortunate time, and one cattish article based on someone else visiting an IWW hall in New York just may be inadequate information upon which to issue our death certificate.

BOOKS ON IWW MULTIPLY

Twenty years ago, if anyone asked for a book on the IWW, we had to tell him "Brissenden wrote one, but it's now out of

print." Since then his book has been reprinted, and historians and participants have built up a sizeable shelf of books on the IWW. Roughly, here is the list.

First the few that haven't been written by college professors: Haywood's book, issued in 1929 and now a paperback reprint; Ralph Chaplin's "Wobbly", published in 1948; Stavis's 1951 play "The Man Who Never Died", containing a hundred-page biography of Hill. In 1955 the IWW issued its book "The IWW: Its First Fifty Years", compiled by myself, and Elizebeth Gurley Flynn published her reminiscences "I Speak My Piece", much of it about her early days in the Wobblies. Later two other Wobs who had also turned communist published their recollections: George Hardy in 1956 and Tom Barker in 1965. The remaining books are academic.

In 1913 Brissenden published a slim thesis on the "Launching of the IWW", and two American socialists, Brooks and Spargo, each came out with a volume discussing the IWW and industrial unionism. This was part of a wave of studies in Europe and America showing interest, both academic and otherwise, in the rise of a variety of syndicalist movements in different countries. They had as their common feature a feeling that the working class should rely

on institutions it built for itself rather than on the institutions handed to it. Brissenden's major work came out in 1919; Gambs' attempted sequel "The Decline of the IWW" was released in 1932, followed by three competent chapters on the IWW in Perlman and Taft's "History of American Labor, 1900-1930".

Pioneering the research into efforts to repress the IWW was Dowell's "History of Criminal Syndicalist Legislation" (1939). In 1950 Vernon Jensen, who had written sympathetically about IWW in his "Labor and Lumber" (1945), published "Heritage of Conflict" on the copper mining industry—strongly in favor of Moyer's anti-IWW policies. In 1957 Brissenden's 1919 volume was reprinted. In 1963 William Preston's treatise "Aliens and Dissenters" showed from their own files how government agencies had helped big business curb the Wobblies.

In 1964 the University of Michigan issued the very popular IWW anthology "Rebel Voices", prepared by Joyce Kornbluh. In 1965 Foner published a full one-volume history of IWW up to World War I and also his "Letters of Joe Hill" and his "Case of Joe Hill". In 1967 the British journalist Renshaw, after research at Northwestern, published his popular book "The Wobblies", soon revised to correct some errors and issued as a paperback. Ian

Turner's "Sydney's Burning" took a parallel course in 1967 and 1969.

In 1968 the University of Oregon collected material that Robert Tyler had published in various journals of history, and issued "Rebels in the Woods". In 1969 came Melvyn Dubofsky's large history "We Shall Be All", and in the fall Joseph Conlon's "Big Bill Haywood and the Radical Labor Movement". This spring Conlon issues a book of essays on IWW: "Bread and Roses Too". More books are in the works, and there have been at least a hundred scholarly articles on episodes of IWW history in various journals of history, economics, or other social studies. (To help students, we mimeograph a free bibliography.)

This growth of writing about the IWW is part of a rapidly swelling volume of material on the labor movement in general. In the 1920s one shelf held all that was available on the history of labor. Today any well equipped library has a substantial section devoted to the labor movement. There are such specialized quarterlies as Labor History. The academic journals in various disciplines run largely to discussions of the functions of unionism. Far more is being written about labor than one man can read.

This would not be the way of it if scholars viewed unions as mere bargaining devices to

serve interests parallel to the desires of grocers to sell sugar at one cent more per pound if they could only do so and not lose their market. This general interest in the labor movement is a recognition that unionism is more than a bargaining device; it is an expression of the need for the working class to change the institutions that restrict and confine it. It is no wonder that the IWW wins a share of this interest far exceeding the proportion of its too-slim ranks to the millions enrolled in unions.

— Fred Thompson

What Do We Aim To Do?

If you want to know what we aim to do, the fullest answer is given in the 128-page book by Justus Ebert:

THE I.W.W. IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

This is the fifth revised edition of a classic of the labor movement. We have it available now at token price of 25 cents a copy, with a 40 per cent discount on orders for 10 or more.

Order from I.W.W.
2440 Lincoln Ave.
Chicago, Illinois, 60614

REBEL VOICES

Paperbound copies of Joyce Kornbluh's "Rebel Voices: An IWW Anthology" may be had from headquarters at \$4.95 each.

CHICAGO FW BEATS RAP

Fellow Worker Larry Gibbs was recently adjudicated "Not Guilty" after a trial resulting from an arrest that occurred on October 18th of the preceding year in a local Jewell Foods parking lot.

He was arrested at the time will Bill Chandler of the UFWOC from Delano, California & Bill Master-son of the UFWOC's Chicago group.

On the day of the arrest, the Chicago Branch of the IWW was at the picket line in force, joining with several other groups in a united front against Jewell's participation in strike-breaking.

When the police managed to provoke an incident, FW Gibbs was arrested for "criminal trespass", as he had set foot on Jewell property. All that Gibbs had in fact done was to ask why Chandler, who was the first to be arrested, was being taken into custody. For a reply, he almost received a stretch in jail.

Naturally, representatives of Jewell were there at the trial to do their utmost to see that the law was upheld.

We hope that anyone who is thinking of shopping at a Jewell store bear in mind that Jewell does not like people stepping on their property, so it would be wise and prudent for everyone to never set foot there again.

—Chicago Wob

April Issue Needed!

Headquarters is badly in need of copies of the April issue of the Industrial Worker for filing purposes. We are completely out of last month's issue.

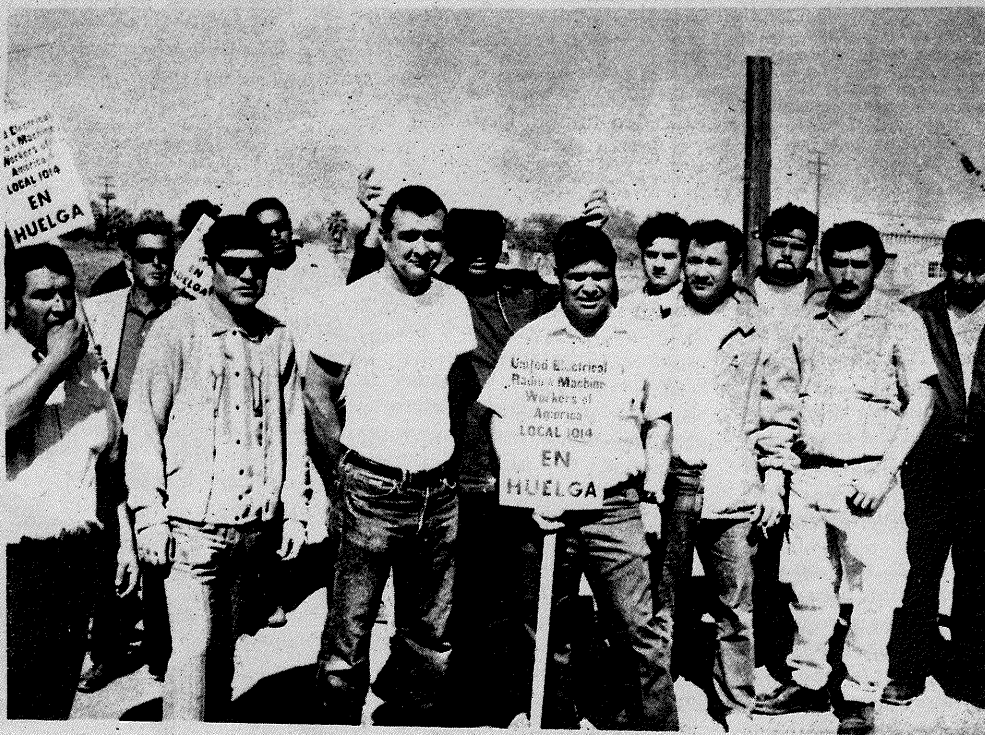
Bundle Agents who have copies of this issue left over, please mail them to Headquarters, 2440 North Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60614.

Thank you,

The Business Manager



Lay the Boss Off — It Makes More Sense



BRASS STRIKE IN FRESNO

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA (WNS) — Young working people employed at the Fresno Brass Works and the Catalina Brass Works here in the San Joaquin Valley are out on strike, first without a union, then under the sanctions of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers. The workers, many of Mexican ancestry, made the past alive again with their impressive wildcat.

Some of the conditions which added fuel to the flames of discontent were clogged toilets and a lack of running water. The workers appealed to a UE local in Sanger, Cal., and were given aid. The UE local in Ontario, Cal., has sent food to the strikers, and one member drove 500 mile to deliver it.

More help came in the form of the Teatro Campesino, which has been working with the grape strike effort, and from students of Fresno State College and Fresno City College, where many of the students are Chicano.

The employers are currently seeking out scabs and have obtained a temporary injunction against picketing. Since similar legal avenues don't exist for the strikers, they will have to deal with the situation by whatever direct action they find appropriate.



BOYCOTT GRAPES



Get It Straight

The I.W.W. It's First 50 Years

Don't miss this account of the Wobblies through the stirring years from 1905 to 1955.

Paper, \$2.00

INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY, MAY 1

by Din Crowley

May 1, 1886, in plain International Labor Day, is a day not to be forgotten in the labor movement of the world. It was the first great struggle in the USA for the eight-hour day.

The strike at the McCormick Reaper Works in Chicago, the police brutality, the consequent protest meeting at Haymarket Square, and the tragedy that resulted all have their place in the history of May Day. At the Haymarket meeting called to protest against police brutalities in the strike, Mayor Carter Harrison was present. Later he swore on the witness stand that nothing said there was in conflict with the law.

Yet, as soon as he left several hundred police rushed from the Desplaines Street station, half a block away, and gathered around the truck from which Sam Fielden was speaking. They ordered the meeting to disperse. Fielden objected: "This is an orderly meeting."

Someone (no one knows who) threw a bomb. Sixty-six police were prostrate, overcome, and reduced to physical weakness and lying flat on the ground from the explosion, seven never to rise again, and one to die shortly.

Many were arrested, and eight were indicted.

After a long trial seven were found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged, and one—for giving out handbills—was sentenced to fifteen years. They were charged, not with throwing the bomb, but with having produced the circumstances that led someone else to throw it. One killed himself in prison. (Or was this another part of the conspiracy against labor?) Four were hanged November 11, 1887, as Spies cried: "There will be a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today."

Governor Altgeld pardoned the survivors of the frame-up, and at the same time acquitted the eight-hour day martyrs of the charge on which their lives were stolen.

We honor these men on May Day, and we honor them best by carrying on the struggle in which they were engaged. The social ills against which they fought can be removed only by the organization of the working class in ONE BIG UNION. Organize for 365 May Days each year!

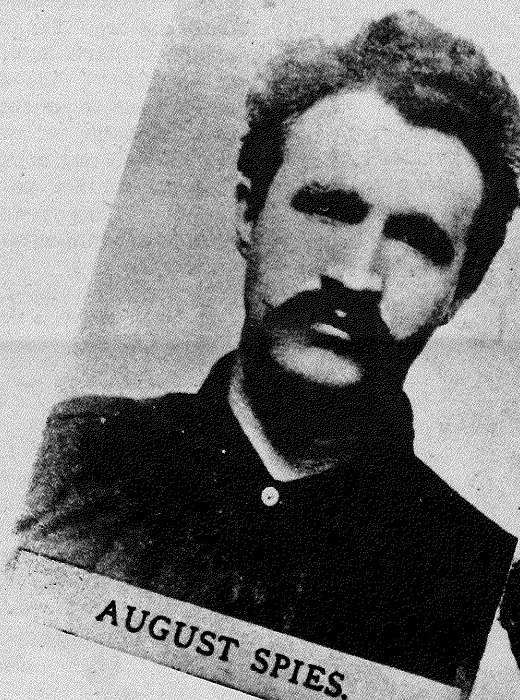


May 1, 1886,
Haymarket Square,
Chicago.

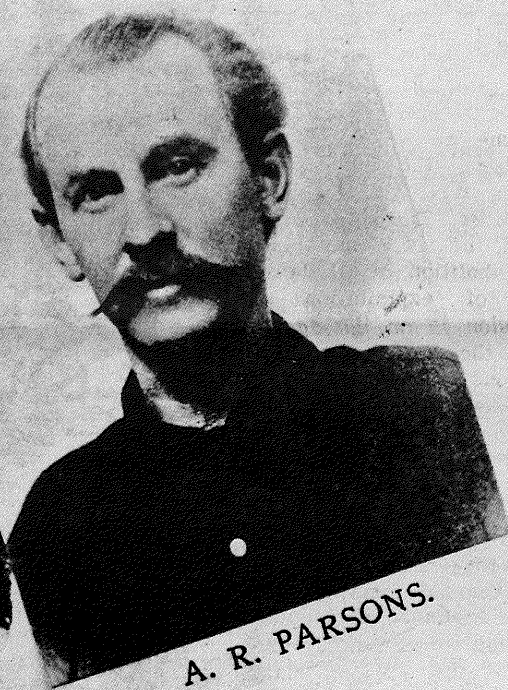
The Five Chicago Anarchists



NOVEMBER 11th, 1887.



AUGUST SPIES.



A. R. PARSONS.



LOUIS LINGG



GEORGE ENGEL.



ADOLPH FISCHER.

The only original photographs, taken May 3rd, 1887, in the County Jail, by J. J. KANBERG, 433 E. DIVISION ST., CHICAGO.

IWW

is the
working class
organized
in its own
interests



WORKERS UNITE!

The whole world is turning upside-down. The old forms of order, fitted to the rule of the parasites, are being burst asunder by the revolutionary actions of the world's people. The colonies are rising in determined struggle against the colonialists. In so-called socialist countries the workers and peasants are advancing against the power and profit hungry bureaucrats. In the capitalist countries workers are clashing with bosses. Everywhere, from Belgrade to Berkeley, revolutionary youth are bent on tearing down the old order, the stifling power structure, the decadent rule of the tyrants. The World is advancing into an upheaval of revolutionary struggle to dwarf all the previous revolutionary eras. In the spirit of the Paris Commune or of the Spanish Anarchists, the masses are readying their ranks for the final battle. The old order is doomed, the new World arises.

The abolition of all the old forms of exploitation and oppression is on the agenda. From the capitalist wage reductions and speed-ups to the quotas of the "glorious People's Democracies", the workers will do away with slavery. We are rising up to smash the ruling organs of coercion, from the capitalist state to the soviet bureaucracy. All of the old forms of rule must be abolished, and in their stead must stand the organized might of the working class.

The oppressed and exploited have ever striven to determine the course of their own lives. The slaves of Rome under Spartacus. The heroes of the Paris Commune. The Molly Maguires. The workers and peasants in Tsarist Russia. The Spanish Anarchists. Every struggle of the oppressed classes has added new glory to our history. In spite of the immense odds and the terrible forces of oppression wielded by the ruling classes, the World's toilers have always advanced in the determination of struggle. Crushed by the ruling classes and betrayed from within, we have always managed to rally again and fight on.

The lessons of history have not been lost to the proletariat. As the ruling classes crushed our spontaneous uprisings and struggles one by one, dividing and conquering, we learned the lesson of unity. We cannot fight the master class individually. But organized into a unified force of our class we can stand against all comers. Whatever the brutal parasites may throw at us, we can stand up to. And we can win if we stand as one. For upon solidarity stands the whole victory of the working class!

With all the forces of reaction arrayed against us, we must intensify our efforts to organize all the toilers of

Amerika into One Big Union. We must intensify our revolutionary action. Various and sundry "Proletarian" parties have demonstrated their history of hypocrisy and betrayal of the working class. We can never depend upon a small handful of "leaders" to act in place of the class as a whole. It is only when the working class itself takes matters into its own hands that we can truly be free from slavery.

The first sentence of the preamble of the IWW amply sums up our revolutionary position: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." Upon this principle we should base all of our actions. We can never compromise with the capitalist class and its flunkies. The struggle between the workers and the bosses can only be reconciled with the death of the capitalist system and the

abolition of the capitalists as a class. To this we should bend all of our efforts.

At a time when all of the reactionary ideologies of the tools of capitalism, from the Democratic Party to the CP, are coming into play we should put the principles and aims of the class struggle in the forefront of the workers' struggle everywhere. We must rally all of the working class to the battle cry of the class struggle. The IWW must once again become a moving force of the proletariat. We must turn revolutionary tradition into revolutionary action. Fellow Workers, to the Front! The class struggle is calling! At every factory gate and on every street corner we should sound the call for the One Big Union of all the workers. Remember Joe Hill's last words:

"DON'T MOURN, ORGANIZE!"
— X 324234



United Mothers Visit Viet Nam

A roar, a rumbling, a tremor in the sky,
Heard by the nation's mothers drawing nigh.
They ventured forth to view the scene,
And thru an aura of eerie sheen
They viewed with broken hearts, the deeds of man
Wrought with such vengeance on Viet Nam land
They saw the pits, the bomb-shelled homes,
The heap of dead, the children's bones,
The glassy eyes, the parched lips, the shattered brains
What once were sons, but skeletons remained.

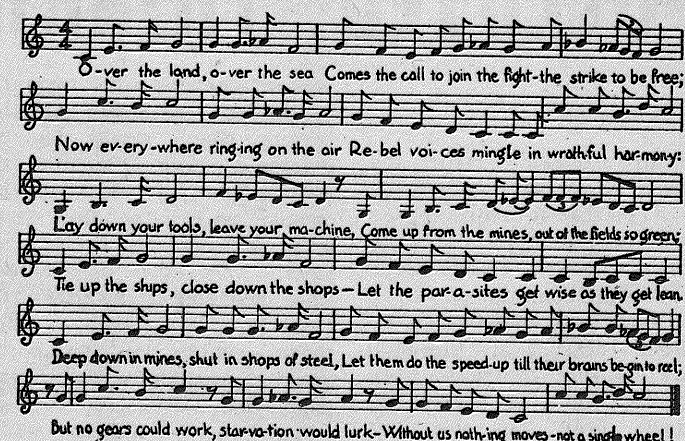
The ghastly scene, the blood, the frozen dead,
The arms, the legs, a baby's head.
They viewed these gory fruits of greed and might,
The war lord's price of world domain: this gruesome sight.
The mother's vow: This is the end of war, our price is peace.
The sons we cradled in our arms shall cease
To serve as pawns, to sate the human carrions' greed
So mothers all, what e'er your color or your creed,
For peace, join hands and march and work and fight;
For victory is peace and it will conquer might.

— Alvina Hayman

General Strike Song

March air from "Caucasian Sketches"
(Ippolitov-Ivanov—Arranged)

Words by
Louis Burcar



General Strike Song

1.
Over the land, over the sea,
Comes the call to join the fight — the strike to be free;
Now everywhere ringing on the air
Rebel voices mingle in wrathful harmony:

2.
Lay down your tools, leave your machine,
Come up from the mines, out of the fields so green;
Tie up the ships, close down the shops —
Let the parasites get wise as they get lean . . .

3.
Deep down in mines, shut in shops of steel,
Let them do the speed-up till their brains begin to reel;
But no gears could work, starvation would lurk —
Without us nothing moves — not a single wheel!

4.
Then take up your tools, work your machine,
Run your ships and factories, till the fields so green;
But close the gates up tight — lock out the parasite —
For he can never know what work and freedom mean.

5.
No more to slave, no more to toil
For well-fed politicians or masters drunk with might;
Strike now as one, fight for our right
To all that we produce from factory or soil.

6.
So let us strike — strike to be free;
Shed the shackles, break the chains of wage-slavery;
Join in the song, strike with the strong —
All power to the Union — the world for the free!
All power to the Union — the world for the free!

—L. B.

We Can Have Fun!

The human race is capable of living for the fun of it. We are not biologically doomed to war and competition or even to endless striving to succeed at something or other. This inherited human capacity for enjoyment has once more been established in a scholarly Oxford publication, "Children's Games in Streets and Playgrounds", by Iona and Peter Opie, professional folklorists.

They point out that the games that have come down

from children to children without adult supervision all maintain lengthy rituals for choosing "it", et cetera, but are played for fun and not to see who wins. But they write: "When children are herded together on the playground, which is where educationalists and psychologists and social scientists gather to observe them, their play is markedly more aggressive than when they are in the street or in wild places."



FORESHADOWING TOMORROW

What you read in the Industrial Worker often describes the world as it will or might be. Learn more about tomorrow.

POLLUTED AIR, POLLUTED THINKING

by Peter Suto

Nature doesn't favor the owners of private enterprise any more than it favors anyone else. The law of Nature is the only law which stands over everybody. It sweeps over everybody who goes against it.

This tremendously powerful force is a guardian over mankind, not in order to enslave him, but just the opposite: to see to it that the capitalist class doesn't step over the boundary of human existence in Nature. If it does, everyone will be eliminated. For the sins of Capitalism, the working class would perish right along with it. Because the working class is not organized against Capitalism, it is not living up to the laws of Nature.

The law of Nature of industrial organization is to use direct action, with an understanding that an injury to one is an injury to all. Such industrial organization could have only one natural direction: fighting capitalism until it is abolished.

Everybody should know that even praying won't help you against the law of Nature. No matter how many empty headed gospel missionaries are so doing all over the World—paid for by the capitalist class with money stolen from the working class, to darken their minds more. The limited education of the working class has helped Capitalism in its modern exploitation. What is the result?

The air and water and the food we eat have been poisoned by the modern capitalist system. The waters of the oceans are getting the same fate. The ocean's inhabitants are dying off by the thousands and thousands. The migratory birds that live off the water are also being poisoned by the thousands. This poisoning is going on not just in the oceans, but also in the lakes and streams. Capitalists' polluted thinking is one-track-minded, just like that of a bloodhound. The only thing they can see with their polluted minds is money, money, and more money. They see gold in every empty headed worker, no matter if it's a physical worker making a living with a pick and shovel or a mental worker such as an engineer or a scientist. All workers help Capitalism, not themselves!

The working class is just as responsible as the capitalist class for poisoning the human race. What is the working class waiting for? Don't the workers think about the new generation that follows them? Don't they think this young mass of people among them, their sons and daughters, are going to question them? They will arise to see the great sin committed by the generation before them. It's the physical and mental workers who have built the kitchen where the poison is being mixed.

The new generation may deal with them the same as they will deal with the head chef!

One scientist says that we may have already committed suicide, in some manner which won't become apparent for

several decades—for instance by pouring chemicals into the oceans which would destroy marine plankton. Plankton are responsible for most of the oxygen we breathe. Our doom may already be sealed, he says. According to Lamont Cole, speaking on TV to Walter Cronkite on February 28, there could be "so much genetic damage to the human population that in a few generations the offspring won't be viable".

For polluted brains, the warning won't help!

Here in the Ohio Valley the mayors of 17 towns and villages were questioned about pollution and what their respective municipalities were doing about it. All but three of them blamed not themselves, but their neighbors. They passed the buck. None of them were doing anything about pollution. The Mayor of Weirton, West Virginia, Frank Rybka, admitted his town has a pollution problem; but he said: "Why don't you talk to Weirton Steel and get it direct from the horse's mouth?" Pollution in Weirton also comes down from the upper drainage of Pittsburgh.

According to Mayor Adam D'Alessio of Follansbee, West Virginia, the pollution comes from the Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel coke plant. Also Copper's Chemical and Follansbee Steel. They have to pain their houses twice a year in Follansbee. They selected an anti-pollution committee two months ago, but it has never met with the Mayor.

In Wheeling, West Virginia, Pollution Control Officer Lee Adams said: "We can't do anything about the pollution coming into the city from across the Ohio River. In fact, Wheeling is 50% cleaner than other cities in the Valley." He claims the major source of pollution is the automobile.

In Moundsville West Virginia the smokestack of the state penitentiary is the main culprit for pollution. They're changing over to gas; but not to stop pollution, mind you. It seems the prison had its own coal mine; and the cons were using an air vent to smuggle contraband such as whiskey, dope, and guns to the inmates, and also as a useful escape route. Prison officials had been aware of the activities but were afraid to do anything about it.

"Air pollution control must be an overall program," said New Martinsville Mayor Lewis Newman. "We must get after it or we'll all be poisoned one of these days."

These are typical statements from the politicians. But the best way for the people to end pollution is to get down to the cause of it, and eliminate that cause. In our estimation, the mass production of the highly organized industries and the wasteful processes are causing it. They are producing things for profit in the cheapest way, and they are selling those things at the highest prices.

Take, for instance, the automobile. The reason they're making it the way it is is that through the autos they're able to make more profit out of the gas and oil. They can build automobiles which do not produce carbon monoxide gas,

which is a poison as deadly as any arsenic. We could list endlessly such products, which are produced for profit alone and not for the benefit of mankind.

During Prohibition they used to sell poisonous bootleg whiskey which was fermented with carbide. Since making whiskey became legal, you don't hear of too many people blinded from drinking. This was a minor improvement and change-over; but it didn't change the capitalist's craving for money. The only solution is working the whole system over into an industrial commonwealth with industrial democracy. The only way you can stop the capitalist is to abolish the profit motive and the profit system without any red tape tied to it...even Russian-made red tape.

The IWW way is the only solution. You've got to organize where you work. You remain a wage slave only because you don't want to own the only power you have: your working power. To free yourself from wage slavery, you, yourself, must be the master of the industries. **INDUSTRY MUST BE OWNED BY THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE!**



Student Solidarity In Ann Arbor

Ann Arbor, Michigan (WNS) — From March 20 until April 2 students, teaching fellows, and later food service employees were on strike at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor.

The issues involved were a series of demands by the Black Action Movement (BAM) and Black Student Union (BSU). The demands included a 10% black enrollment by 1973-74, a separate student union for black students, a black studies program, and more active recruitment of black students and faculty members. March 19 the Board of Regents met and rejected the demands of the black students. March 20, a Friday, the strike began. Over the weekend it gained momentum.

On March 24, the teaching fellows' union met, gathered signatures of 100 of 1500 teaching fellows at Michigan, placed an ad in the local papers supporting the strikers, and called off their classes. By Good Friday food service employees were respecting the picket lines, and no food was served in the dormitories that Friday or the next Monday. Students operated soupkitchens where those affected by the strike could buy coffee, chili, sandwiches, doughnuts, and the like.

During the Easter weekend, BAM bargained around the clock with the University negotiators. By Sunday night a group of about 3,000 students met in Rackham Auditorium and heard negotiators report that University president Robben Fleming had met the strikers' principal demand—for a 10% black enrollment. The issue then became one of reprisals. The students demanded that no reprisals be taken against students, faculty members, or employees who

WORLD LABOR NEEDS A UNION

by FRED THOMPSON

Published by THE

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS

OF THE WORLD 25 CENTS

2440 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill., 60614 U.S.A.

NEW PAMPHLET OUT

A new 24-page pamphlet, "World Labor Needs a Union", argues the need for a new brand of unionism to function in an increasingly-global economy, a new understanding so that workers are no longer pitted against each other in peace or war, a new basis for building a new social order. It is a hard-hitting argument on something bound to come up in conversation. Have a copy on hand for the occasion. Single copies 25¢; 15¢ in lots of 10 or more.

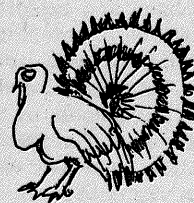
participated in the strike. By April 1 the University agreed to take no reprisals.

The strike was extremely successful. The black students led the movement, and a white support coalition was formed to enlist the support of other white students. Black students chiefly organized interventions in classrooms where classes were still going on. They went into classrooms in the engineering school to explain the reasons for the strike. Black students sent delegates to most of the groups on campus, including the student government and the school newspaper, and received endorsements.

Tension mounted on the

campus as various Michigan State Legislators called upon Fleming to call in the National Guard. The troops were never called in because the students never gave the president a reason to call in the troops—that is, there was no violence, no windows were broken, et cetera. The Regents met in an emergency meeting, came up with the funds for the 10% enrollment, and agreed to no reprisals.

— L. S.



ATTENTION, NEW YORK POETRY LOVERS

There will be a poetry reading of the works of Arturo Giovannitti at the East Manhattan School, 116 East 19th Street from 3:00 to 4:30 PM, Sunday, May 3rd.

While in prison during 1912, Arturo wrote his famous poem, "The Walker". There will also be a showing of slides of the imprisonment of Arturo along with Joe Ettor during 1912 as well as pictures of Joe Hill, Carlo Tresca and others.

The school is located between Irving Place and Park Avenue South and the admission is free.

—Cicero Codina

LEARN ABOUT THE I.W.W.

The IWW: Its First Fifty Years
cloth cover..... \$3.00

(203 pages, one-third discount
on order of five or more)

*Battle Hymns of Toil (Poems
by Covington Hall)..... \$1.00*

Song Book (new edition).. \$.40

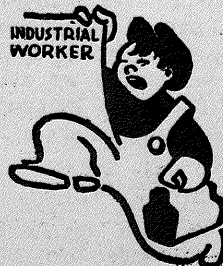
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*Unemployment and Machine
..... \$.10*

(40% commission allowed on
lots of 10 or more copies)



PLUMBER BUMMER

by Saucy Myra

I was always fascinated by pipes and tubes. My mother says I had an obsessive fascination with straws and such throughout my childhood, and I once had my finger stuck in a garden hose for three hours after some experimental probing. Freudian cynics, of course, might say these things are merely phallic symbols for me. I admit that I have a fascination for thick fluids rushing madly through pipes. But I think there is a greater significance. With a sort of hypnotic X-ray vision, as my adolescence progressed, I soon became obsessed by a growing vast cut-away vision of an enormous cross-section of subterranean, building-hidden tubes and pipes coiling and moiling and linking diabolically or miraculously all our bodily functions and organisms, with obscure fluids continuously rushing or oozing hither and yon.

So I decided to be a plumber. After all, didn't Einstein say shortly before he died that if he had it all to do over again he would become a plumber? And then there was the money, of course.

"Oh no!" my mother wailed. "But I want to get into those tubes and find out what's going on," I insisted.

So after I got out of high school I went to plumbers' school. In spite of raised eyebrows and disdainful looks from fellow students, I really loved it. I loved the fooling with long, strong, plangent pipes, the heavy solid feel of the big pipe wrenches, the sense of being a real and creative part of the vast machinery of the Earth. At the small graduation ceremony, there were snickers by a few idiots as I stepped up for my diploma, but I brushed them all aside and went on unflinchingly.

The union hall was another matter. I have to admit that the majority of people in this country would be up shit creek without the unions, but....

A big fat slob named Bloboss—the business agent—met me at the office of Local 69.

"Yeah?" his cigar spoke. I told him my business. The cigar was speechless a moment—then came out of its gaping hole. "You're kidding!" His bulging eyes ran up and down me as if I were a defective water heater with some new ailment that his foggy brain couldn't diagnose. I waited. He gurgled. Then he recovered and began to explain to me all the reasons he could never send me out on a job. It looked like it pained him to say it, as if at the same time he'd like to get me down and put his rod—or maybe his cigar—in me, and as if he might be debating whether to relent if he thought he could use his plumber's snake on me.

"Look, Blowhard," I said. "You may have all day, brother, but I haven't." I hitched up my jeans and flexed my capable but not unladylike biceps. "If you don't think I'm really a plumber I'll give you a demonstration."

Luckily I had brought my toolbox with me, and as he watched speechless I headed into the adjoining john and

loosened a couple of fittings, and water began to splash out into the labor fakir's plush office.

"No—wait—okay, you made your point," he stammered. "Just stop that water!"

I complied. Plumber! The only plumbing he'd ever done was in his mother's Fallopian tubes, and he'd probably fouled them up for life.

So I was sent out on a job. When I showed up at the small union shop—"We Plumb the Depths", a legend read—I was met, of course, by whistles and astonished looks. The union steward, a big dumb bastard named Fukoff, seemed to have all his outlets plugged up permanently, and I thought maybe I was going to have to use the snake myself to make contact. When I presented my credentials, he finally croaked like a drain pipe opening up and looked around helplessly at the other men. "ar-r-r—men, this is—a-r-r-r, Myra."

They all looked like they had just mislaid their tools, and lustful grins turned to panic. I smiled bravely and extended a firm handshake to each of the crew of six, but brawny hands had turned to frightened fish.

"Lo."

"Hiya, lady."

"Uh—er—"

I could see the handwriting on the bathroom floor. On all our jobs I was to be relegated to just standing around doing nothing while these he-men wrestled mightily, grunting like overgrown babies over the simplest tasks, and boasted of their prowess. They did their best to pretend I didn't exist, in spite of occasional leers at my ample bosom.

Then came a period of attention and bumbling ass pinching. I didn't mind a little—any girl who says she does is a liar. But when Fukoff gave me a real stinger I dropped my heaviest pipe wrench on his toe, and after that I got a scintilla of respect.

They weren't all really dumb—just conditioned to bestiality at the bosses' behest. I even got a couple of them to admit we plumbers are overpaid—but not as much as capitalists, of course—and even persuaded one to help even out the difference by joining me in a contribution to our fellow workers in Delano. And I actually got a timid discussion going one day with an "Equal pay for all workers" button I wore conspicuously on my left mammary, and pointed out the advantages of a classless society, to a few mumbled, half-doubting assents.

"Look, it's not only more fair—we could choose our work and our mates because we really liked them and not on the basis of this tyranny of money!"

"Um, yeah...."

"Hmm... could be...."

But I could see it would be a long struggle. Most of the "fellow workers" still treated me like some sort of antediluvian creature that had just crawled out of the slime.

One day three of us were

called out to fix an emergency leak in a big house downtown. They made me ride in back, of course. As soon as we pulled up at the place I could hear the pipes coughing and gurgling. A sewer line. It sounded like a demented and toothless hermaphrodite with trenchmouth.

"Wait here, Myra."

They left me at the rear of the building and crawled into the interior somewhere. A curdling stench that stank like all the accumulated shit and poison of capitalism filled the air. I could see what the trouble was immediately, but I had given up attempting to get them to listen to me.

"Christ!"

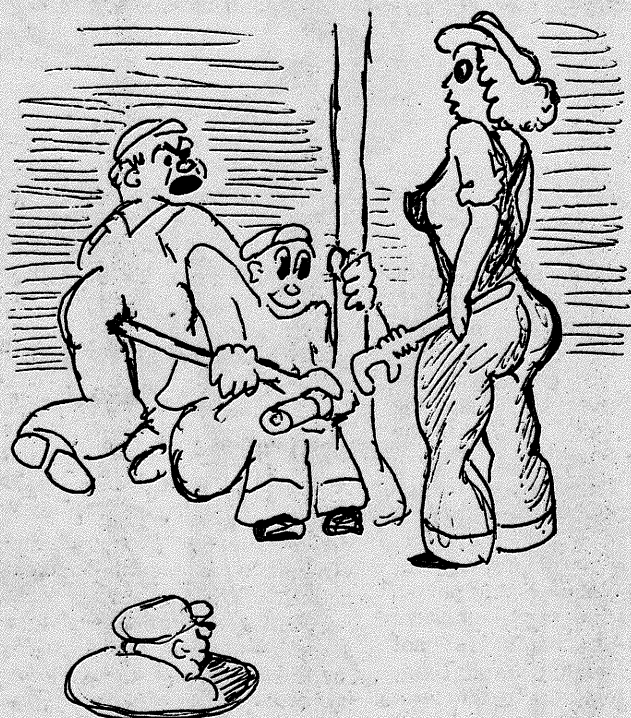
They suddenly were rushing back toward me falling all over each other like the idiots they were, and I realized the shit had really hit the fan.

"Christ, and we didn't bring anything to cap it with!"

All kinds of crap was shooting out all around, and the fools had forgotten their proper tools. A busted eight-inch pipe was spewing out the guts of hell. Next thing I knew Fukoff was staring at my tits like he'd just invented them and whispering something to his buddy.

"Myra—we've found some use for youse at last!"

Then two big hands grabbed me and started scooting me



through the fecal air.

Next thing I knew my left mammary—equal pay button and all—had been plunged into the broken pipe-end. All the corruption of civilization was crashing against my sensitive nipple.

"Brutes! Inhuman pigs!"

But my yells were to no avail. Now they've gone and left me here like the superior insensitive beasts they are.

So I fastened this message to the collar of this inquiring

pooch—a thousand times more sensitive and human than those demented bipeds—hoping that it will get to someone soon: Help! I'm at 1500 Pennsylvania Avenue, rear. If you think women merit as much consideration as your pet cat, please come and get me out of this!!!

(from Saucy's "CRAPITALISM TALES". Translated by E. Nelson.)

HERO OF THE STAMP MACHINE

Maybe you soldiers and sailors stationed here at home have been wondering if the Government hadn't been giving you a bum steer when it promised you adventure, glory, and foreign sights. But in case you've been disappointed about getting into the action in Southeast Asia, don't lose heart. Not every hero is destined to gouge a bayonet through the vitals of some Vietnamese. You too can make your mark in the World scabbing for your Uncle.

In fact, thousands of you have recently discovered glory in New York City's post office sorting the mail, fumbling through utility bills, "junk mail" (advertisements), mags, packages, first-class messages from Aunt Sue to Brother Bill. You've riffled your grubby and inexperienced fingers through envelopes destined for Dallas, Los Angeles, Toledo, Miami, and other exciting spots. ("Join the Navy and see the world.") You've counted, labeled, tied, bundled, directed, misdirected perhaps a million pieces of information that ordinarily were processed by skilled workmen. And you performed this heroic service for only a fraction of the payment your fellow citizens were used to receiving.

The definition of a hero, my soldier friend, is a fellow who obeys orders, without answering back, without questioning authority, without considering the consequences,

without reflecting on right and wrong, without haggling over fine points of economic justice. You're always on the spot ready to serve your master,

just like the dependable stamp machine at the corner drug store. Drop in a coin, and you cough up a stamp!

—Dorice McDaniels

by J. F. McDaniels DAY OF THE WORKERS

We who think in radical terms see in the America of today a sad fulfillment of the rosy dreams of those early day idealists who saw in their young country a rich promise of freedom and equality for all future citizens of the new Republic.

They did not know then that for a century thereafter the nation so auspiciously born was to be a slave state, its black people released from white masters only after a long and bloody civil war. Nor did they then know that the American people had before them a second century of oppression, at the end of which their expanded and matured country was to emerge as a welfare state, with a population of over two hundred million people, more than ten million of whom do not always have enough to eat.

They did not know that the great America of today, capitalized and Toryized by the Establishment, would put to shame the despised Tories of colonial days.

They would be amazed and scandalized to know that local, state, and national government supports and subsidizes large segments of our society, to such an extent that the structure of fifty United States is weakened by dissension and disunity.

Today, many Americans, descendants of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and others of a similar turn of mind, pursue the Almighty Dollar, mistaking it for the bluebird of happiness. That which they pursue is, indeed, a bird of ill omen, and they clutch only a handful of foul feathers when the race is run.

A vision of equality, so nobly expounded by Thomas Jefferson, is no longer a part of the Great American Dream. They dream now, these proud sons of revolution, of wealth and power, of winning wars with mighty bombs and vast air armadas swift and deadly.

But many of us, well-versed in radical lore, have glorious thoughts of a great Commonality of Man, working together in a Cooperative Commonwealth here on the North American Continent, truly an America of the workers. Our day is coming.

DON'T BUY CALIFORNIA GRAPES

ARIZONA BRACERO WON'T WAIT FOR MAÑANA

Phoenix, Arizona (WNS) — In order to express solidarity, brotherhood, and revolution, the Farm Workers marched together with students and sympathizers, children and clergymen, for four days, March 26-29, through the farm communities west of Phoenix, ending at the State Capital on Sunday. There were no police provocations, no hecklings by outside groups, no mishaps. There was plenty of food and there were many opportunities to exchange ideas with fellow marchers. We joined the march as walkers on Sunday, shouted "Viva la Huelga" and "don't buy grapes", and whenever we could explained that the IWW was alive and well and in the working class struggle today.

The purpose of the march was to let the people who buy grapes know that the farm workers were still seeking a decent wage, and to remind the farm workers themselves that it was only six weeks before the grapes would be ready to be picked, and high time to join the union if they weren't already in.

Marches are exhilarating. They're good exercise for the lungs and legs, but the real work is done by the organizers and by the devoted hard-core few who go to the union meetings, go out and get the authorization cards signed, and talk to their fellow workers, constantly reminding them that they're being given the shaft not only by the grower but by the labor contractor too.

The union meets every week in Tolleeson. The meeting we attended dramatized for those present a situation where the workers sit down with the growers and present their demands. Most important is the elimination of the labor contractor and establishment of a union hiring hall. Next is an eight-hour day and overtime after eight hours, a Grievance Committee, seniority rights, sanitary facilities, guarantee of four hours pay, welfare plan, and life insurance. The "growers" agreed so readily to everything that everybody laughed and clapped.

The United Farm Workers

in California just (April 10) signed a contract with three growers in Coachella Valley, which means that there will be a union label on some grapes this year; but there's still lots more to go.

After two years in Tolleeson, the Organizing Committee here in Arizona has some seasoned workers, like Mel Huey and Gustavo Gutierrez, and all are hopeful that conditions here will improve.

Mel is collecting information from farm workers about some Social Security payments that were not turned in by growers and labor contractors, and he is also trying to bring suit in cases where lettuce pickers have back injuries. There are many of these that have gone without proper care or proper compensation from growers.

Charges have been brought against two growers and a farm labor contractor because they didn't pay the federal minimum wage of \$1.30/hour to about 200 farm workers. But, the growers are tough and still operate according to ancient rites and privileges. One grower put up a \$1,000 bounty for anyone who would shoot an organizer. Police are always on the spot when an organizer is reported at or near company property (and company property sometimes extends right onto the highway where the organizer's car is parked). Some growers pulled up their grapevines because of labor trouble last year.

In spite of the harassment, the organizing will continue at both the community and the field level. All enthusiastically feel that this year will be better than ever and that more citrus, onion, and lettuce workers will join in. There is a picket line Saturday from 4 to 7 at Smitty's, a large supermarket in a Mexican neighborhood in Phoenix which stocks California table grapes. It is manned by a student committee from ASU and by union sympathizers. Still other pickets will start in smaller communities where independent stores stock scab grapes.

— Ruth Sheridan



MORE DOIN'S IN DIEGO

Fellow Workers in San Diego are once again being deprived of the rights supposedly guaranteed by the Constitution, just as they have been in the past. Old timers and those who have studied labor history know of the 1912 free speech fights, with the mass arrests, murders, and tortures inflicted on the honest workingmen who

sought only to express their opinions.

Again, it is the same story. The fascists who hold the state power in this locale are once again jailing and intimidating these people who wish only to make a living and express their views. Fellow Workers Arthur Miller, Daryl Van Fleet, and Ray Wiswell were arrested

on various spurious charges by the same home-grown gestapo, Switzer, all within a few days, and all in the act of selling the Street Journal, an underground newspaper which has been victimized by the repeated harassment of the right.

The cops have been very imaginative inventing charges to jail the innocent. But they have not been so clever when it comes to doing anything toward apprehending the true criminals who are responsible for the burglarization, the destruction, and the gunfire directed at the paper.

Another FW, Tom Brose, was arrested March 27 for selling the paper, and is still in jail at this writing. These beleaguered brothers are soon to receive a Branch charter with which they will receive some of the artifacts from the original San Diego Branch which fought the first free speech fights.

We wish our San Diego FWs the best of luck in their fight, and hope our FWs in branches across the continent will support them in their defense of freedom.

— Lionel Bottari

Capitalist Dredge

(continued from Page 3)

This Wob decided to sit in and get a look at the local politicians. Also I decided to go because I heard that a hundred people who made a protest march along the five-mile dredge were attacked by hostile landowners, had tires slashed, et cetera. Yesterday I found one of my own tires flat, with a suspicious piece of wire in it, perhaps attributable to the "Save Jenner" bumper sticker on my old station wagon. (This area, 75 miles north of San Francisco, is becoming more and more polarized, and recently I heard talk in a small cafe of a new "vigilante committee" that they hoped would run the progressive teachers out of town.)

I found the Jenner County administration center a sterile bunch of buildings painted the color of diluted caca, with very little vegetation, and no sign of any dance areas, refreshment stands, love-making areas, or anything else devoted to those pursuits that make life worth living. However as I entered the building I did see one lovely girl bravely dancing on the sidewalk among the philistines of the establishment and the entering protestors. One touch of life and humanity can lift the heart so much!

Soon the supervisor's room was filled to overflowing. Some twenty members of the press, including representatives of both campus and underground papers, were forced to sit jammed together on the floor peering up at five cardboard gods—the supervisors. They looked edgy. One of them had

recently been involved in two separate traffic accidents, the last a hit-and-run.

But things were improving. One speaker noted that two years ago only three or four persons had shown up at supervisor's hearings. As she spoke, I looked up and noticed that we were surrounded by Indians. Dozens of spectators, many with novel garbs and hairdos, unable to enter the chamber, were peering in through windows. A girl grabbed the mike from an establishment puppet and demanded that the meeting be moved to an auditorium that could accommodate everyone. The request was refused, but was later granted at the behest of the Fire Department.

The speeches droned on. Corporation stooges in their expensive suits and ties and the protestors and their expert witnesses from nearby college campuses and elsewhere giving clear proof that the dredging would upset the ecology of the area and pollute the eyeballs. (I did not hear a single person on either side discuss the possibility that gravel might be obtained in another area where it would not ruin the scenic coastline.) The politicians saw the way the wind was blowing—a fresh new wind of vision and dissent—and lo and behold, agreed to postpone the dredging pending further study and hearings.

People are waking up at last. Get into the action and give the Earth to the people—us. A World of Wobbly workers could do it much quicker and with far less abrasive dredging!



Knowledge, like energy, is power only when it is put to work to get results.

All together, the working class knows how to make everything, how to do everything, how to create abundance and the necessary conditions for happiness for us all. But to put that knowledge to work requires organization. To get the full results that can come only from using all of it, requires organization as a class—One Big Union.

Science is knowledge organized. The I. W. W. is the working class organized—just the working class, with everybody from the coal miner to the chemist who figures out how to make a new flavoring extract out of the coal, organized to use our brains for ourselves. And it spells emancipation and a new era of abundance and security.

To start the process takes scientific industrial union education—such as you spread when you get new readers for the I. W. W. periodicals and pamphlets, pass-out I. W. W. leaflets, or put up I. W. W. stickers. Educate to organize, and organize to educate—that's the road ahead to freedom. That's where the I.W.W. is marching, and you are cordially asked to hop into the parade.

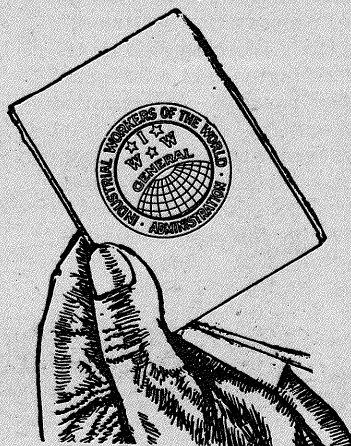
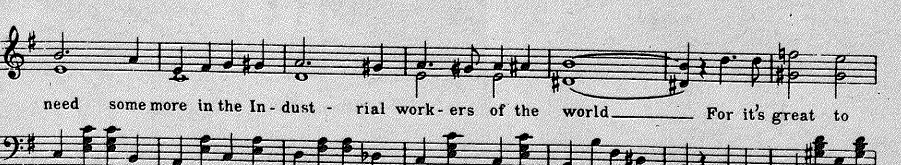
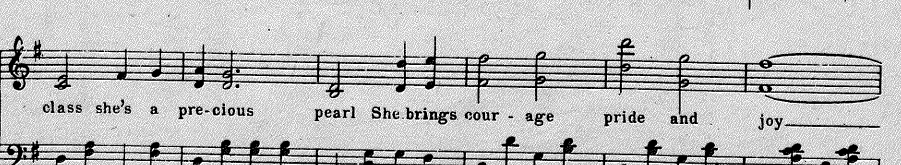
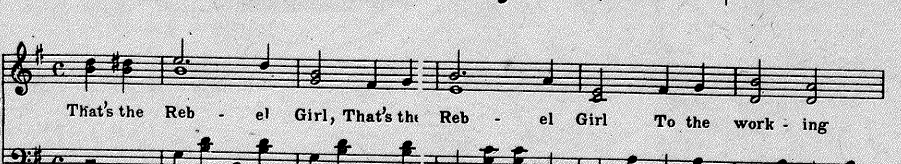
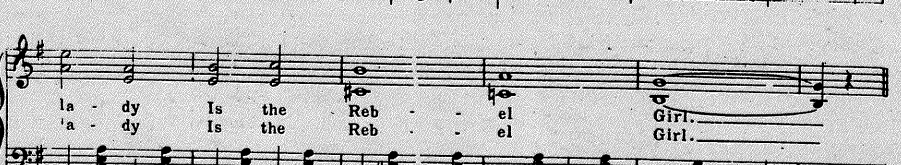
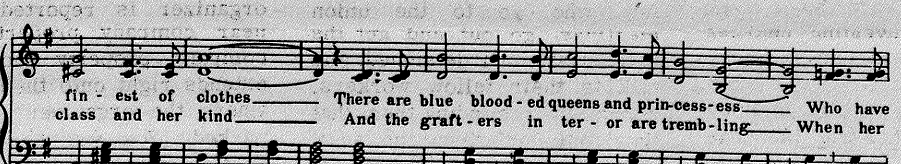
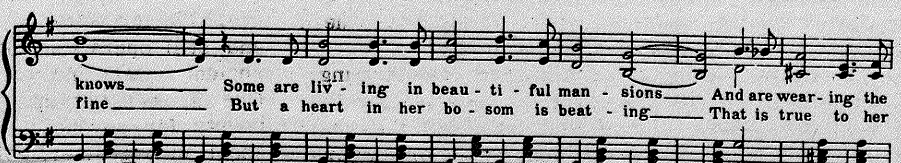
THE REBEL GIRL

Words & Music by
JOE HILL

Tempo di Marcia



With spirit



DARKNESS

Darkness is a shroud for imposture, vanity and glitter; for this there are many who hate it.

Darkness extinguishes the useless beauty of precious stones that captivate primitive minds.

In the darknesses are born the tempests and revolutions that destroy, but also fertilize.

Coal, the dark rock that darkens the hands that touch it, is force, is light, is movement when roaring in the hearth of the kettle.

The dark rebelliousness of the proletariat is progress, liberty and science when vibrating in their fists and shaking in their brains.

In the depths of the darknesses existence takes form and palpitations of life begin.

In the dark womb of the furrow the seed germinates.

The darkness of the cloud is the fertility of the fields; the darkness of rebellion is the liberty of the people.

Praxedis Guerrero

(translated from "Regeneracion," Mexico, by CAC)

Education Organization Emancipation

News Agents Wanted

The Industrial Worker is in need of added news agents and news boys to sell the publication with other IWW literature.

The Industrial Worker sells for 10c a copy and the commission to the agents or news boys is 5c per copy. The commission on song books and other literature is 40 per cent.

Anyone interested in the offer please communicate with "Industrial Worker, 2440 Lincoln Ave. Chicago, Illinois, 60614" W. H. Westman, Business Manager

SON OF THE PEOPLE

It is my pride to have been born in the humblest of quarters far removed from the hustle of a false society.

Mine has not been the misfortune of not being a son of the people, I am told among these people who have no perfidy.

My destiny has no distinction, I will take it the way it comes, bearing along with sorrow, or chasing a dream.

I am traveling down life's highway quite happy with my upprivilege; as for money, I haven't any but I have a big heart.

I am a descendant of Cuauhtemoc, a Mexican by chance of fate. I am unlucky in love affairs, a songster and a drunk.

But how many of these rich men would like to live as I do, singing away at this poverty without feeling any pain.

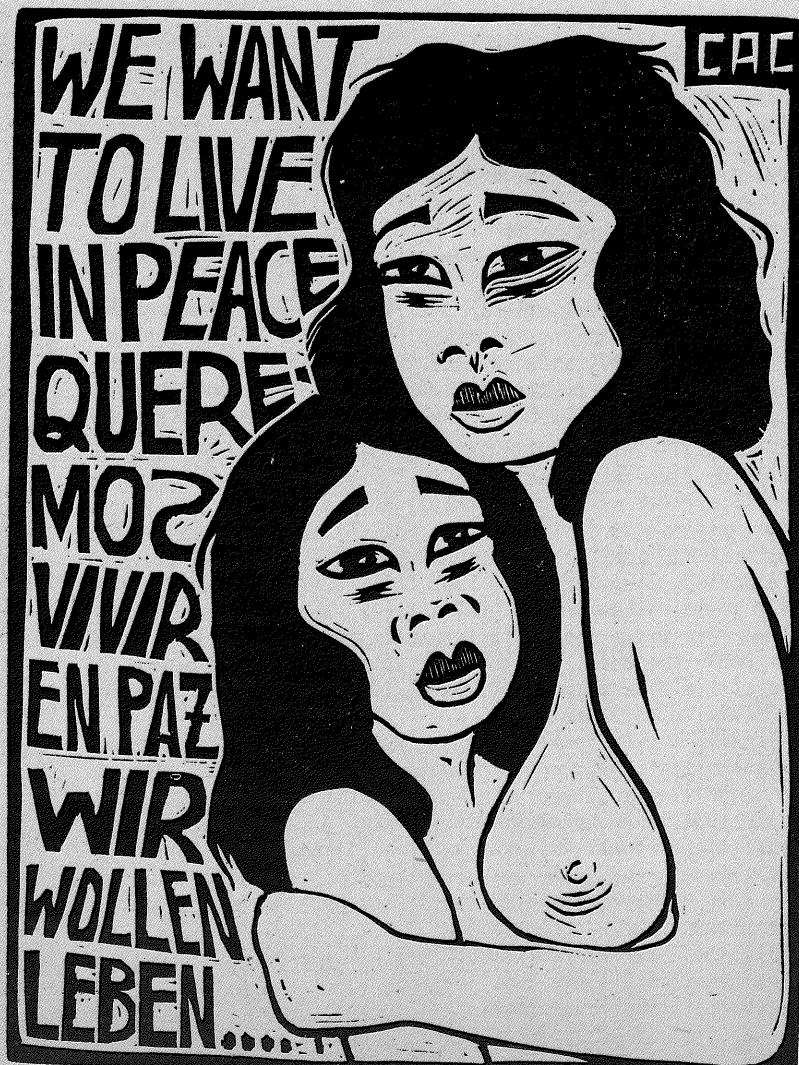
It is for this that it is my pride to come from the humblest quarter far removed from the hustle of a false society

My songs, I compose them because they are sung back to me and the day I can no longer do this

is the day that I will die.

—Jose Alfredo Jimenez

(Translated from a "cancionero" by CAC)



by One of Them

